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& Chapin's Diamond Iron Plows.
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VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878.

NUMBER 44.

POETRY.

WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend to you,
Do it.
If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yes or nay,
Say it.
If you've anything to love—
As a blessing from above,
Love it.
If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.
If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.
If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day;
Pay it.
If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart, lest it grow cold,
Hold it.
If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving father's feet,
Meet it.
If you've given light to see,
What a child of God should be,
See it.
Whether the life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet or clear,
Whispered down to every ear;
Hear it.

STORY TELLER.

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

The year after the panic the Broad
way house that G— had been with
fifteen years came near failure, and
only saved itself by cutting down ev
ery expense and sending off all the
high-priced men about the place. G—
had been getting \$75 a week for over
ten years, and had bought a pretty
little house up-town with some money
of his wife's and lived in easy style,
never dreaming of any other sort of
life. He found himself out in the cold
with a wife and three children, but as
he was very clever in his line there
couldn't be much doubt of his getting
something that would keep them well
enough.

He had been in the wholesale drug
trade, and beside had a very good tal
ent for design, having studied the art
when he was young. He went to all
the houses in the business and got one
or two engagements, but the firms were
obliged, one after another, to cut down
expenses, and let their best men go in
a good many cases because they com
manded the highest salaries. Things
looked shadowy; but he was certain to
get into business again in time, so
they lived economically, and didn't go
out except when a friend sent them
tickets for a concert or picture gallery.

Mrs. G— was a splendid manager,
as women would say, and she retim
bered her old hats and made over her
dresses till other people couldn't see
but that she was as well dressed as
any of them, and she made G—'s
dinners taste almost as well as ever,
though she began to do what they
never used to—retrench in the mark
eting. That summer, the last of their
prosperous ones, she had put up, in
her handsome way of housekeeping,
two hundred glasses of currant jelly
and fifty cans of preserved strawberries.
Poor, woman! She didn't know they
were going to stand between her and
absolute starvation.

But with no steady employment and
falling behind expenses all the time
things began to look very gloomy by
the beginning of the second winter.
The house was not all paid for and
the debt was pressing. They took
friends of their own to board with
them and made out the family expen
ses in that way very nicely till G—
came home with the announcement one
night that the debt must be met or a
foreclosure would be made at once.
Mrs. G— tried every way to prevent
the sacrifice, and showed an energy al
most heroic to save the home of her
children. Her own mother's fortune
was so reduced by failures that it hard
ly gave the old lady a home, and the
G—s felt that they ought to help
her instead of asking aid in that quar
ter. They had rich relatives, but the
one or two desperate appeals Mrs. G—
made to them decided her to ven
ture any other trial rather than ap
ply to them again. It is the best way
with relatives in trouble. It shows
them what they have to expect, and
saves a great deal of annoyance.

This put an end to the boarding
business. They had not enough left to
take a good house again, and, not car
ing for appearances any more, now
that their dear, cosy home was sold,
Mrs. G— took rooms away out by
Bergen Heights out of reach and hear
ing of all her old poverty, and began
the battle with poverty in earnest.
She would not let any of her old friends
know her address, nor even went near
them, but dropped out of her old world
entirely. Her old friends might have
found her getting up liver hash for the
children's dinners or ironing her hus

band's shirts to make him presentable
when he went out for employment.
Her clever woman's art still made the
cheap home not only pleasant but
handsome, and she set out the very
plain meals with as much attention as
if nothing were wanting of equipage
or society. All her womanly knack of
adornment was brought into practical
requirement. Her skill of making fan
cy caps and neckties of lace and ribbon
was turned to account, in making them
for a fashionable shop. But the con
fection which sold for \$3 or \$5 the
proprietor expected to get for seventy
five cents, and the demand was limited.

G— could only get an odd job,
like illustrating a child's book or a
comic almanac about holidays, or draw
ing a highly spirited sketch for the
advertisement of a patent washer, a
new laundry soap or an insurance
company. Work that he once would
not have taken less than \$50 for he
was glad to do for \$20, and get his
pay when convenient or possible for
the employer to pay him. Rarely he
got a sketch taken by an illustrated
newspaper, for each had its corps of
men working hard to keep their places,
and with forty volunteers to fill the
vacancy if one fell behind. Indeed, it
would seem, as poor G— used to
say, as if there was no room for half
the people in the world and two-thirds
of them were not needed, anyhow.

But rent and coal and flour run out
the faster, it seems, when there is
nothing coming in for new supplies.
There was absolutely no work to be
had, and the coal was low. The hand
some silver, the heavy ladies that had
been Mrs. G—'s pride at her oyster
suppers after theater, the pretty
coffee and strawberry spoons that were
her last fashionable investment, and
which she meant to keep with such
pride for her little daughter's wedding
twenty years away, the card salvers
and cake basket, were looked upon
with eyes of doom. Piece by piece
they were pledged to the broker, who
"conducts all business with secrecy,"
or with a business friend or two
and the proceeds eked out another
desperate winter.

The china was sold to a mechanic's
daughter who wanted a handsome out
fit for her first housekeeping. It cost
\$150 from Haviland; it sold for \$39.
The same thrifty, cheerful maiden
bought the parlor furniture, and her
mother took the ruffled and embroi
dered pillow covers and fine towels,
once the pride of the guest chamber.
"We lived on pillow cases for three
weeks," Mrs. G— said, with a grim
humor, speaking of it to the only
friend she ever named these things to.
"My best dinner-cloth and damask
napkins kept us a fortnight; a fine
china toilet set went in coal and kind
ling."

One day they got up to a breakfast
of corn griddle-cakes and tea. There
was nothing else left in the house, and
only fifteen cents in the pocket-book.
G— had been at home a week work
ing at some designs, and he started
for the city to sell them and collect
some money due him for an advertising
out. He took ten cents for ferrigno
and car fare one way to save time.
Mrs. G— took the five cents, saying,
laughingly, she didn't like to be with
out a little money in the house. For
all they were so miserably off, they
kept up their spirits, feeling that there
was no use in losing everything and
courage beside. The children were
not going to school that week; Tom's
shoes had given out, and Gilbert was
waiting till mother could make him
some new shirts out of a figured linen
summer dress of her own. They shook
the table-cloth and studied their les
sons, and watched their mother sew
pearl beads on a wedding pin cushion
for a fancy store, and played omnibus
and fought the southern war over
again with the chairs, and, childlike,
got hungry. Their mother had been
dreading to hear them ask for some
thing to eat for an hour. She searched
her cupboard through and through in
the morning, and found nothing but a
remnant of dried herbs for flavoring,
some salad oil, and half a cup of sugar,
with some very small bits of bread.
She sent one of the boys for five cents
worth of crackers, and by frying the
bread crumbs in the oil, with salt and
sage, made a queer, not uneatable lit
tle dish.

"Now, children," she said, speaking
with composure, and as if it were an
ordinary failure, "we're about out of
things, and you must eat what there
is till your father comes home, and
we'll have a good supper." So she
set the table carefully in the little sit
ting-room, where she kept the only
fire, to save coal, put on all the ware
they had and served the crackers and
bread-stew delicately. They were too
hungry and good-humored to make
remarks, and ate with their usual jokes
and more than usual "cutting up,"
which their mother had no wish to
check. She did not eat, but as she had
not emptied the teapot in the morning
she poured boiling water on the grounds
and drank the thin tea with a little
sugar. The mother did not feel at all
hungry on that day of waiting.

The suspense of the afternoon grew
very hard to bear, as it drew toward
night. Three hearty children were to
be fed, and only three crackers in the
house. Suddenly she thought of her
currant jelly. Most of the two hun
dred glasses had gone, sold for the
dinner table of rich neighbors, to go
with the venison roasts and game, but
she had kept a dozen back for sickness.
If worst came to worst, and their fa
ther was late, the children could keep
from famishing on that. Dark came,
and she consoled them for the hot sup
per they craved with the promise for
once in their lives of all the jelly they
wanted, and set them down with their
crackers and two glasses of it. There
was reason enough for not sending to
the grocer's for anything. A two
months' bill was due, and credit in
that quarter was dubious. The chil
dren were put to bed, and she sat
waiting for her husband till 10 o'clock.
He came in with a face of despair. He
had not been able to collect \$1.
A few repetitions of this miserable
experience stung the mother to abso
lute desperation. She never, for one
moment, forgot her ladyhood, but she
was incessant, urgent in finding some
small chance of making dollars and
food for her children. Come what
would, they should not suffer, what
ever went in the balance. If you please,
madam, who read this, you have yet
to know how little pride, repute, flesh
and blood, night-watching and day
serving weigh against the sound of a
child's voice, saying, "I'm hungry,"
when there is no bread to give it. If
honor turns the scale, it is by a hair's
weight.

She tried to get together a little
school, for she was more than passably
educated. She wrote children's songs
and stories, after she had been washer
-woman, cook and nursery governess
for her family all day, and got \$3 here
and \$5 there at rare intervals, enough
to keep the children's feet from the
ground. She wore a pair of leaky ar
ties in her visits to newspaper offices,
because she had no shoes except a pair
of felt slippers to wear about the
house. No matter, her armor dress,
five seasons old, and expensive when
new, kept well, and hid the ungainly
shoes; and she wore her home-made
dollman and hat which her clever fin
gers turned out of old things as cred
itable as any Broadway models could
be. She went, with all her native
pride and an air that never failed to
bring her consideration above other
applicants.

She often walked from the Heights
to Madison square, to save car fare, af
ter a breakfast of bread and tea, with
three cents hoarded to pay the ferry
back in case her hope of getting help
should be unsuccessful. Once a friend
slipped a \$1 into her hand to buy a
present for one of the children, not
knowing that she had provided the
whole family with the only food they
saw for three days. Thrift kept the
four at home on this allowance, and
the mother learned to market with nice
economy. A veal heart for ten cents,
with an onion and barley, made a stew
for two days, and in the short winter
days they needed but two meals a day.
The children sat and told stories and
went to bed happily by the light that
shone in from the street lamps. Then
the kerosene lamp was lighted, and
the mother sat down to her portfolio
or work-basket.

There was so much that had to be
spent—the newspaper every morning
to see what advertisements of "help
wanted" there might be, then the pa
per and postage stamps for answers
on the fare and lunch if the application
was made in person, then materials
for work, lace and silk and beads, and
advertisements inserted when there
was a dollar or two to spare in hopes
of something permanent to do. Mrs.
G— tried all the ways of making
a livelihood so well worn by
desperate efforts, taking children to
board "with lessons and a mother's
care," advertising for a furnished house
to board the owner for rent, offering
herself as matron of a hotel or charita
ble institution or to keep a linen room.
She even tried book canvassing,
and was moderately successful in in
troducing children's histories, one
week by unceasing labor making \$6.
But the children, left in a neighbor's
care, ran wild and got sore throats, so
she had to stay at home and nurse
them, and that week the publisher
gave up employing agents. An adver
tisement brought her before the secre
tary of a charitable society, who ap
pointed her with half a dozen other
women, solicitors for subscriptions to
the fund, paying them 20 per cent.
of all collections. Her thoroughly refin
ed air and good address made her very
successful at this work, which she ac
cepted reluctantly, only for the sake of
those children waiting at home. Her
commissions were sometimes \$15 a
week, and other energetic solicitors
made more than this.

But her directions led her down
town, among business men's offices,
where a presence more attractive than
common exposed her to annoying ex
periences, as might be expected. Easy,
idle men would try to amuse a dull
afternoon by drawing out her history.

She was asked if there was no other
business a handsome, well-bred woman
could find that would not take her
among business offices, what was her
husband thinking of to allow it, and
civilities less equivocal. One day a
gentleman invited her into his private
office politely to explain the workings
of the charity for which she came,
closing the door as he did so. She
gave the information with modest dig
nity, evading personal inquiries he
was disposed to press, and rose to go.
She flushed and hurried to open the
door, but her hand was on the knob
to find a spring-bolt locked. She
gave him one wondering look and
passed composedly out, but nothing
could induce her to go on with the
work.

At this time she had been happy
and encouraged because the children
kept so well. They were so patient
and merry, making up in their games
for other pleasures wanting. If there
was little to eat, they told stories and
went to sleep early. Their lessons
were kept up by the mother, whose
one horror was that in this interval of
poverty they were losing advantages
of school and association that would
take years to regain. It went to her
heart sometimes in her busy drudgery
to hear her oldest boy say: "Priz
your hair, mamma, and put on a nice
dress, and look pretty as you used to."
There was consolation of a sort moth
ers will understand in hearing him in
sist to the boys at the gate that he
had the handsomest mother in the
block "when she was dressed up."

But the scarlet fever swept the city,
and three sickened. Not a neighbor
would come near them for fear of in
fection. The father was away all day
in a little post that brought a few dol
lars a week, and the mother watched
by her children's beds day and night,
till she fainted with exhaustion, and the
medicines and stimulants ordered for
two days took a week's salary. G—
drew all in advance his employers
would allow, and then was forced to
stay at the house and take care of the
children. The mother lay on a bed
either side of her, and drag herself to
them when wanted, or whisper direc
tions, for her voice was gone with ex
haustion.

Early letters were gathered all they
could look forward to, and the lives of
the pale, clay images on the pillow de
pendent on their strength being kept
up by the highest stimulants—beef tea,
port wine and brandy every twenty
minutes—and they must be had.
Their nearest friends were away.
Their father must leave them and go
over to the city to see what help could
be found. The mother crawled from
bath-room to kitchen and bedside as
water and food and nursing were want
ed, once crawling on her hands and
knees, in a fit of faintness, after water
for a child.

The doctor mentioned their need to
ladies who knew Mrs. G— slightly,
and wine and delicacies for the sick
came in enough to last for weeks, and
money was not wanting, though no
one cared to risk the infection by com
ing near. The other families in the
house kept their doors locked for fear
the G—s might come and ask for
help.

The crisis was past, and every care
was lost in the intense gladness of
seeing the children spared, when the
second morning the oldest boy, who
had suffered most, had a relapse, and
sank imperceptibly while his father
was watching, and died before his
mother could be called. It was no use
to wake her then, and her husband let
her sleep the death-like sleep of the
worn-out. The chill and scanty food
of the past months had weakened the
child so that he could not rally from
disease. His mother woke to find her
little, brave lover, her first born, pass
ed away without a farewell.

It was the irony of fate, then, that
now her courage was taken away and
the circle she kept through such a bit
ter struggle was broken, the kindness
came that might have saved what they
loved. The times were better, so that
G—'s employers could afford to
raise his salary, and Mrs. G— found
her talent for millinery so appreciated
by a circle of friends that she carried
on a modest business in the most pri
vate way at home; nothing to make
them rich or even keep them without
close work, but enough to forbid such
cruel straits as those which have been
barely and truthfully told above.

MILKED BY A FOX.—For some days
past Mr. A. J. Freemyre became sat
isfied that his cow, being pastured on
the flats below the village, was daily
milked by some one, as he got scarce
ly a quart at a milking. A watch was
accordingly set, when it was discover
ed that a fox was the depredator. He
would come up to the cow, and get
ting up close to the udder, would sit
and get his fill as handy and naturally
as a calf. The cow seemed to like
these visits from his foxship, and stood
perfectly still for him to get his dinner.
This story, strange as it may seem, is
nevertheless true, and we doubt if its
equal can be found.—Ez.

A HEROIC BAND.

THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION—HOW IT ORIGINATED AND ITS WORK.

The Howard Association, which
leads the heroic but too often unavailing
fight against yellow fever in the
South, dates from the terrible epidem
ic of 1853 in New Orleans. It is said
to have originated among the clerks
of a merchant in that city, who de
voted themselves to the care of the
sick when fright had so far severed
the ties of humanity that members of
the same family deserted each other.
Rich young men soon joined the first
small band of devotees, and adopted
as the name of their society that of
the celebrated English prison philan
thropist. At every appearance of the
pestilence they met it, as they had
mutually bound themselves to do, with
physicians, nurses and medicines, es
tablished agencies in all infected places,
and before the breaking out of the Re
bellion became a body strong in num
bers and means. The war impoverished
the society through its members, and
since then it has been forced to accept
contributions from without, although it
was not obliged to do so before. The
Memphis Association was organized in
September, 1867, with twenty-five mem
bers, and had under its charge, in that
year, two hundred and forty-four pa
tients, receiving in contributions \$996.
56. It afterward secured a charter from
the Legislature, and began its work
in the great pestilence of 1873, in the
month of September, with eight mem
bers and one hundred and thirty dol
lars in the treasury. A meeting of
citizens furnished it with means by
immediate collections and by call upon
other cities and States, and it went on
in its work with a full treasury. When
this work became too great for the
members of the society to do, a call
was made upon citizens for more mem
bers and was promptly responded to.
A hospital was established, and nurses
and supplies were furnished to more
than eight thousand persons. Eight
hundred and twenty-five nurses were
employed by the society. After pay
ing out in this way nearly one hun
dred thousand dollars the association
had remaining in its treasury more
than fifty thousand dollars, the entire
amount of the country's contribu
tions during that year to the dis
tress of Memphis having been over
one hundred and thirty-four thousand
dollars.

WHY ARE WE RIGHT-HANDED?
Investigations which were very re
cently carried through by a French
physician, Dr. Fleury, of Bordeaux,
have adduced facts showing that our
natural impulse to use the members on
the right side of the body is clearly
traceable to probably physiological
causes. Dr. Fleury, after examining
an immense number of human brains,
asserts that the left anterior lobe is a
little larger than the right one. Again,
he shows that, by examining a large num
ber of people, there is an unequal supply
of blood to the two sides of the body.
The brachiocephalic trunk, which only
exists on the right of the arch of the
aorta, produces, by a difference, in ter
mination, an inequality in the waves of
red blood which travel from right to left.
Moreover, the diameters of the subcla
vian arteries on each side are different,
that on the right being noticeably larger.
The left lobe of the brain, therefore,
being more richly hematized than the
right, becomes stronger; and as, by
the intersection of the nervous fiber,
it commands the right side of the
body, it is obvious that that side will
be more readily controlled. This fur
nishes one reason for the natural pref
erence for the right hand, and another
is found in the increased supply of
blood from the subclavian artery.
The augmentation of blood we have
already seen suggested; but the reason
for it is here ascribed to the relative
size of the artery, and not to any di
rectness of path from the heart. Dr.
Fleury has carried his investigations
through the whole series of mam
malia; and he finds that the right
handed peculiarities exist in all that
have arteries arranged similar to those
of man. At the same time such ani
mals, notably the chimpanzee, the seal,
and the beavers, are the most adroit
and intelligent.—The Eclectic.

A SENSIBLE PERSON.

Commodore Garrison, of New York
city, three score years of age and worth
\$7,000,000, has lately married a young
bride, with a fortune in her own right.
A party of young fellows on the bal
cony of the United States, at Saratoga,
were bantering the Commodore on the
subject of marriage.
"You are too old to think of such a
thing, Commodore. You have only a
short time to live, you know, and be
sides it is a costly luxury."
"Gentlemen," replied the Commo
dore gravely, "have you heard of the
man who offered a hundred thousand
dollars for a glass of water just be
fore he was going to be hanged? I
think that man was an extremely sen
sible person."

SUNDAY READING.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now,
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children waited
around.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards east,
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened
mast.

Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues when the bright sun is
set.

And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that Nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord;
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.

Keep a sweet spirit. Do! The world
is, to be sure, all out of sorts, and it
ought to be turned upside down and
emptied out, in all probability; but
you can't help it by getting sour at
everybody and everything.

Begin the education of the heart,
not with the cultivation of noble prop
ensities, but the cutting away of
those that are evil. When once the
noxious herbs are withered and root
ed out, then the more noble plants,
strong in themselves, will shoot up
ward. The virtues, like the body, be
come strong and healthy more by la
bor than nourishment.—Richter.

Among our most serious reflections
should come up the question of our
stewardship, whether it involves little
or much, for, in that touching temple
scene of the widow's two mites, the
obligation is made to rest as fully up
on those who count their money by
pennies as upon those who count by
golden eagles.—Richmond Christian
Advocate.

Let us ask ourselves seriously and
honestly—What do I believe after
all? What manner of man am I
after all? What sort of show should
I make after all, if the people round
me knew my heart, and all my secret
thoughts? What sort of show, then,
do I already make, in the sight of the
Almighty God, who sees every man
exactly as he is?—Kingley.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness"
is a well-worn maxim, and antiquarians
are discussing who first put the
thought in this compact form. It oc
curs in a sermon by John Wesley, and
a member of the English Parliament
has been "pulled up" for attributing
it to the Apostle Paul. A bookworm
has unearthed it in one of the Rab
binical books, and its origin is there
fore Hebrew.—Ez.

For the past ten years, it is said,
the cost of liquors in the United States
has been six thousand million dollars,
producing the death of five hundred
thousand persons by drunkenness.
Think of this, think of the poor wives,
widows and orphans this liquor has
made; the desolate homes, the bleed
ing hearts; the wretched beings it
has sent to the prison and to the gal
lows, to the poor house and asylum,
and say if we should not, as a nation,
have some fears for our safety if these
things long continue.

A SHORT SERMON FOR DEAF-MUTES.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"—Job
xiv:14.

If Adam and Eve had not sinned
they would not have died. Sin entered
into the world, and death came by
sin. And now death has passed upon
all men, for all have sinned. Before
sin the body was immortal like the
soul, but after sin the body became
mortal. Though before the deluge
men often lived to the age of eight or
nine hundred years, now very few live
beyond eighty, and the majority die
before they are thirty. Two persons
only have escaped death: Enoch and
Elijah. We all know that we must
die. There is no doubt, no uncertain
ty about it. Our bodies must go
down into the grave, and be eaten by
worms, and crumble into dust. Though
all men believe, and know that they
must die, yet some cannot believe in
the resurrection of the body. Among
the Jews such persons were called
Sadducees; now they are called infid
els. Do you think it very hard for
God to raise the dead? When a ker
nel of corn is put into the ground it
decays, but God causes a beautiful
stalk to grow from it. The same is
true of all kinds of grain, seeds and
vegetables. If God can do this, surely
He can cause dead bodies to live again.

In the Bible there are many ac
counts of the dead being restored to
life: the Shunammite's son, the dead
body which touched the bones of the
prophet Elisha, Lazarus, the widow's
son, at Nain, the daughter of Jairs,
those who came from their graves at
the time of the crucifixion of Christ,
Dorcas, a pious woman of Joppa, and
Eutychus. But the most remarkable
and wonderful of all is the resurrec
tion from the dead of our blessed Lord
and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Bible
is full of texts which prove the resur
rection of the dead. See John v:21,
v:25, and Revelations xx:12, 13. Now
we all should believe that after death
we shall live again. Where shall we
live? Have true faith in Christ and
you shall live forever in the glory and
happiness of heaven. Continue in
your pride and sinfulness, and you
shall live forever in the miseries of
hell. Where do you wish to live?

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, \$12.50. If not paid within six months, \$15.00. These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE DEAF-MUTE WORSHIP AT MEXICO, N. Y.

As previously advertised in this paper, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of New York, conducted services for deaf-mutes in Grace Church, Thursday evening, October 24th.

The evening service was read by Dr. J. Cross, rector of the church, and interpreted for the deaf-mutes by Dr. Gallaudet. Then followed Dr. Gallaudet's discourse to the deaf-mutes, consisting of a short but interesting narration of the history of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," since its inauguration in 1850, and of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, which within the last few years has been organized and combined with the church mission.

Sixteen deaf-mutes were in attendance. Among them were Messrs. C. H. Cooper and C. O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Works and Chauncey Engle, of Hannibal, N. Y., and others.

At the close of the service the deaf-mutes repaired to the home of the editor of the JOURNAL, and enjoyed a very interesting, sociable and pleasant time.

HELP ASKED FOR AGED DEAF-MUTES.

In the town of Cicero, Onondaga Co., there live two aged unmedicated deaf-mutes, John Colbridge and his sister Mrs. Gallup. The former is 80 and the latter about 75. Mr. Gallup is a hearing and speaking man, but he is broken down with old age and other infirmities. The three live together in a humble dwelling. They have seven dollars a month from the town, but, of course, need more than this to provide for the necessities of life. This brother and sister have always lived together. The former has been a hard-working, industrious man, doing all in his power for the support of his sister and her husband and himself. Now he can do no more. Unless some help comes from kind-hearted persons, it will be necessary to remove him from his sister's care, and this would break his heart. Donations for these aged pilgrims of silence may be sent to Mr. H. C. Rider, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, No. 9 West Eighteenth Street, N. Y. City.

A WEDDING IN PORT BYRON.

On Wednesday, the 23d inst., at 2:30 p. m., Mr. James Jones and Miss Celestia E. Hoisington, graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, were married in the Baptist Church of Port Byron, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, in New York city. Mr. Jacob Deshong and Miss Jennie Dyer assisted as groomsmen and bridesmaid. The friends of the bride had tastefully decorated the church with evergreens and flowers, and, notwithstanding the severe storm, there was a large gathering of people to witness the service, which was read orally, and also interpreted in the sign language. After the benediction, Rev. Mr. Dudley, rector of the church, addressed a few kind words to Mr. and Mrs. Jones through Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's interpretation.

The relatives and intimate friends (deaf-mutes and others), of the happy couple enjoyed the hospitality of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Nathan C. Hoisington. The bridal presents were numerous and beautiful. Mr. Godfrey and family, of Auburn, Mr. and Mrs. Cuddeback, of Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and son, of Victory, Miss Beardsley, of Union Springs, and other deaf-mute friends were present to offer their hearty congratulations on the exceedingly interesting occasion.

We wish that our better half and ourselves could have accepted the kind invitation, and we express, personally, our best wishes for the joy and happiness of the newly-married pair.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, and Prof. Job Turner are expected to be at the church services for deaf-mutes to be held at Amherst, N. H., November 10th, unless Rev. Thomas Gallaudet can find it convenient to attend. Professor D. E. Bartlett, of Hartford, Conn., has declined an invitation to be present, on account of the infirmities of years. It is hoped and expected that the meeting will prove to be one of great success, and of much interest.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

At Rev. Mr. Mann's last service at Delaware, O., a lady received the sacrament of baptism.

A Mr. Johnson, and Miss Hall, the latter a graduate of the Ohio Institution, were recently married.

Benson Dudley, of Kentucky, can talk by signs, having learned the art from a mute friend, in his younger days.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet attended the Church Congress held at Cincinnati last week, and made a brief address. The Rev. Mr. Mann was also present.

Two of our friends, Messrs. Smith and Hatfield, of Dayton, O., are printers. Another, Mr. Mann, a subscriber of the JOURNAL, is a stone-cutter.

Mrs. Milton Jones, of Sand Hill, N. Y., has returned from Montgomery county, N. Y., where she has lately been spending a few weeks very pleasantly among friends.

A correspondent wants to know if the minutes of the Columbus convention have been published in pamphlet form. Will some one give the information through the JOURNAL?

Harvey C. Niemann, the celebrated deaf-mute jace-ball player, formerly of the Pennsylvania Institution, continues at his work in his father's large tannery, in Mount Jackson, Pa.

Miss Mary Fullman, a deaf-mute, who has been living with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bristol, of North Argyle, N. Y., has accepted the position of housekeeper for a widower in that village.

The pupils of the American Asylum miss their usual supply of grapes from the Asylum garden this year. The late frosts last spring killed the grape vines and there are no grapes upon the vines this fall.

We have received a number of back sheets of the *Daily News*, printed at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., and would be glad to receive the five papers every week in exchange for the JOURNAL sent to the institution.

Mr. S. A. Lewis, of Anamosa, Ia., lectured before 18 deaf-mutes, one Sunday recently, in Minneapolis. They were talking of organizing a society there last week. If they did, it is believed that there will be about 25 deaf-mutes in attendance every month.

Mr. John H. Harris, a deaf-mute, of St. Paul, Minn., is foreman of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, one of the leading weekly newspapers in the north-western portion of the West. He does all the work, besides "make up," and has but three apprentices with him. This speaks very well for a deaf-mute.

Mr. William H. Weeks, a teacher at the American Asylum, brought to the institution October 9th an apple-blossom which he had just picked from a tree from which a large crop of apples was recently gathered. Ripe apples and apple-blossoms are not often seen upon the same tree at the same time.

DAVID BEATLY, who was killed by the cars in the far West, was at Rev. Mr. Mann's last service in St. Louis. He was very anxious to find work then, with very little prospect of success, as he stated. His face wore a most woe-begone expression. His language in describing his trials and disappointments will never be forgotten.

The venerable Mrs. Clerc, who has been spending the past summer at Litchfield, is coming to Hartford to-day, to her former boarding place near the Asylum. She is very feeble, and probably the ride from Litchfield to Hartford will tire her very much, but she loves to be near the Asylum and her many old friends here.—*Daily News*, Oct. 13, 1878.

Ma. Noyes, the Principal of the Minnesota Institution for the Deaf and Dumb was in Hartford last evening, and called at the Asylum a few moments. He came from Minnesota to attend the funeral of his brother who died in New Hampshire last week. Mr. Noyes was looking very well, and said that all things were prosperous at the Minnesota Institution.—*Daily News*, Oct. 15, 1878.

Ma. and Mrs. Bird spent the last vacation at a Health Home in Pennsylvania on account of the ill health of Mrs. Bird, who has been suffering for some time from chronic rheumatism. When Mr. Bird returned to the Asylum in September he left Mrs. Bird at the Health Home. He has just heard from her that she is not improving in her health, so he started last night for Pennsylvania to bring her back to Hartford.—*Daily News*, Oct. 15, 1878.

Miss Greenlaw has gone to Durham, Conn., to-day to visit Mrs. White, the former Matron of the Asylum. Mrs. White was Matron for thirty-two years, from 1839 to 1871, and Miss Greenlaw succeeded her. Mrs. White is now living with her sister at Durham. Miss Greenlaw expects to return to the Asylum to-morrow. We hope that she will have a pleasant visit, and that Mrs. White will come and visit the Asylum some time.—*Daily News*, Oct. 15, 1878.

According to the *Daily News* the Dime Savings Bank in Hartford, Conn., has failed, and stopped returning money to people who formerly put it in the bank for safe keeping. Many poor people will suffer from this. Several deaf-mutes in Hartford have money in this bank, but cannot now get it. Some of the teachers in the Asylum and other persons employed there will also lose some of their money by this failure. It is hard to know where to keep money safely now when so many men are dishonest.

Thomas McCallister, a deaf-mute, arrived in this city from Bangor, yesterday, in search of a sister who had recently moved here. On the journey she lost her trunk in which was her direction. She made known her case to Officer Dwyer, and he spent a portion of the day in an attempt to find her friends, but up to noon no trace of them was found. Later, however, a friend of the family was found, but was not aware that any of her relatives were in Gloucester, though she took the unfortunate woman in charge and started to find her relatives, but with no better success than had the officers. Mrs. McCallister is, about 30 years of age, and gives the name of her sister as Mrs. Mary West, and says she has been here some six weeks. Any information relating to her can be left with City Marshal Moore or sent to this office.—*Cape Ann (Gloucester, Mass.) Bulletin*, Oct. 23, 1878.

ELIZABETH is published our Washington correspondence, in which occurs an item in this wise: "I admit that the JOURNAL is better than the *Advocate* at 'dummy' news-giving, for the editor of the former paper has nothing else to do but to edit his paper, while the *Advocate* man, who is himself a teacher, has to give his attention to the making up of his paper outside of the school hours." This is a wrong impression, which seems to be general among the deaf-mutes. For ourselves we have to work at our case as much of the time as the *Advocate* man spends in teaching, to say nothing of the many petty cares to which we have to pay attention. We entertain the best friendly feelings toward both our Washington correspondents and the *Advocate* man, but we wish to know who has seen the *Advocate* improved in any respect, that can be referred to, during the vacation of the Illinois Institution.

DIPTHERIA has nearly disappeared from the Virginia Institution.

THE Rev. Mr. Mann expects to hold a service at Portsmouth, N. H., on Wednesday evening, December 18th.

The gold fish have been removed from the basin of the fountain in the American Asylum yard for the winter.

WILLIS S. Gibbs, of Sudus, N. Y., has been working this season on a farm for Mr. S. A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y.

Ma. and Mrs. Henry S. Barnes, recently married, hold a brilliant reception October 18th at the Barnes House, Scipio, N. Y.

Rev. C. A. Brooks, a former resident of Colorado Springs, addressed the pupils of the Colorado Institution on a recent Sunday.

THOMAS McCreey, a graduate of the Virginia Institution, reports says, is foreman in the Buchanan Banner, W. Va., office.

One thousand bushels of potatoes were raised this year on the farm belonging to the Minnesota Institution—enough to supply the inmates.

On account of the prevalence of yellow fever, the Tennessee Institution opened without the attendance of pupils from the western part of the State.

Two boys of the Minnesota Institution are employing their spare time in enlarging a pond, which, when the season arrives, will be used for a skating rink.

The man of the *Companion* notices improvements in the make up and general appearance of nearly all the institution papers, which is certainly very encouraging.

CHARLES H. Hyer, foreman of the shoe-shop at the Kansas Institution, while playing baseball, was quite severely injured by coming in collision with another player.

The High Class pupils of the Michigan Institution, on invitation, recently spent an evening very pleasantly at the house of Mr. Hubbard, one of the residents of Flint.

Ma. Storrs, of the American Asylum, has a second crop of strawberries growing in his garden at Longmeadow, Mass., which appear perfectly ripe, though they do not taste sweet.

By the removal of the family of Dr. W. A. Ellis from Colorado Springs to Missouri Valley the Colorado Institution loses two of its brightest pupils, but what this loss is gained by the Iowa Institution.

THROUGH private sources the *Mirror* learns that yellow fever has been raging at the Louisiana Blind Institution, at Baton Rouge, that several pupils have been taken away, and that it is feared that the terrible disaster will have a bad effect upon the school this year.

Ma. S. A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y., informs us that Mr. Whalen lately met with quite a serious accident. While he and Mr. Cogswell were thrashing beans the latter's fall struck him a heavy blow above one of his eyes, and he was confined to the bed for several days.

Miss Kate Blauvelt, of Nyack, N. Y., has been, or is yet, visiting her friends at the American Asylum. The *Daily News* says that "it is a great pleasure to them to see her bright and smiling face once more." She was formerly a teacher in the Asylum for several years, and afterwards in the New York Institution.

The State Board of health of Michigan has sent a pamphlet entitled "Restriction and Prevention of Diphtheria" to the Michigan Institution. It suggests caution, and modes of preventing that disease. It would be a good thing if all the institutions of learning and of charity were provided with similar instructions.

The American Asylum *Daily News* of October 7th says: Miss Sarah Storrs is making a short visit to the Asylum. She was formerly for many years a successful teacher in the Asylum, but now lives with her parents at Longmeadow, Mass. If all deaf-mutes would carry as much sunshine in their faces as Miss Blauvelt and Miss Storrs, the Asylum would be a very bright place, even on cloudy days.

INCIDENTALLY, in regard to the topography of the place, we stated that, on some days, Pike's Peak could be seen from the Colorado Institution. The *Index* corrects the error for us, averring that it is impossible for the pupils of that school to stand in the doors or sit by the windows of the building and upon their peepers "without being confronted by the old giant mountain."

The cabinet shop of the American Asylum has been very much improved during the vacation. New work benches have been put in, and the walls and ceiling whitewashed so that it looks very neat and cheerful. About forty boys work there daily, before and after school, and Mr. Smith, the master of the shop, says that they are doing very well. The knowledge which they get there will be very useful to them in their future lives.

This last school year was, on the whole, both in the literary and industrial departments of our school, the most satisfactory of any year in the history of the Institution. This was, no doubt, due in some measure to the desire of the pupils to make a creditable show on the weekly record, kept by the Superintendent, of their progress and deportment, and also to have their names published on the Roll of Honor. There are many, however, and the number is constantly increasing, who do not need such a stimulus to induce them to strive earnestly to obtain a good education and learn a useful trade while at school.—*Companion*.

Mr. James Hostner, the oldest director of the American Asylum, died at his home on Main street last Wednesday morning. He was ninety-seven years old, and had lived in that same house ninety-four years. He had been a director of the Asylum fifty-four years, and was its treasurer twenty-seven years. He was a very benevolent man. Last summer he gave about \$100,000 to the Hartford Theological Seminary. The Seminary is now building a large hall with this money, near the Asylum upon Broad Street. It will be called Hostner Hall, in remembrance of Mr. Hostner. Mr. Stone and several of the teachers attended the funeral of Mr. Hostner last Friday afternoon.—*Daily News*, Oct. 2, 1878.

The Governor of Massachusetts and his Council visited the Asylum to-day. The party was comprised of the following gentlemen, viz.: His Excellency A. H. Rice, of Boston, the Governor; His Honor H. G. Knight, of Easthampton; the Lieutenant Governor, Honorable J. K. Baker, of Dennis; Hon. Harrison Tweed, of Tamont; Hon. Francis Childs, of Boston; Hon. William Upham, of Spencer; Hon. J. A. Harwood, of Littleton; Hon. Tilly Haynes, of Springfield; Hon. Harmon Hall, of Saugus; Hon. T. A. Lane, of Boston; all members of the Executive Council; H. B. Pierce, of Allington, Secretary of the State, and E. T. Hamlin, of Northampton, the Executive Messenger. The party left Boston at 8 o'clock in the morning and reached Hartford at 1 o'clock p. m. After a collation, which was served to them in the girls' sitting-room, they spent two hours in the chapel witnessing various exercises of the classes of Mr. Bartlett, Miss Sweet and Mr. Storrs. Governor Hubbard, of Connecticut, joined the Massachusetts party here, and remained with them during the rest of their visit in Hartford. All the visitors commended very highly the exercises of the pupils and the general conduct of the institution. After the chapel exercises, which closed by the offering of the Lord's Prayer, in signs, by all the pupils together, Governor Hubbard and some of the Asylum directors

escorted the Massachusetts visitors over the new State Capitol, and accompanied them in a ride about the city. The party returned to Boston on the evening train.—*Daily News*, Oct. 17, 1878.

EDITORIAL BRIEVITIES.

Three boys, ranging from seven to nine years of age, were recently arraigned in a New York court, on a charge of stealing a horse, wagon, and harness;—a youthful depravity picture.

A year ago a family by the name of Lowe, consisting of father, mother, son, and daughter, left Paramus, Bergen county, N. J., and moved on to a large farm near Abilene, Kan., where they were prospering. A few days ago they were all murdered by a band of Cheyenne Indians.

Prairie fires have lately raged near Kearney, along the line of the Omaha and Republican Valley, in Polk county, and other sections of Nebraska, the northeast part of the State suffering the most severely. The losses are immense. Seven persons were reported burned to death, and others severely injured.

It is not always safe to run off with another man's wife in Kentucky. At least that was the experience of one who recently tried it. The sad victim of the experiment was a man named Chaffin, who eloped with the wife of a friend, named Newton, of Span's Mills, and who was pursued and shot dead by the enraged husband.

The dry goods house of Dodd, Brown & Co., at St. Louis, Mo., has suspended, with an indebtedness of \$1,000,000, distributed among about three hundred firms in New York, and the whole indebtedness of the firm is reported to be from \$1,200,000 to \$1,500,000. The failure caused considerable commotion in mercantile circles, as the bills were promptly met up to the Saturday night previous to the failure of Monday.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals continues to find abundant opportunities for the exercise of the power so properly vested in it. Not long ago one of Mr. Bergh's agents arrested a car driver in New York for overloading, he having forty-seven passengers in a one-horse car at one load. A few days ago the driver, John McMahon, pleaded guilty in the Court of General Sessions, and Judge Gildersleeve imposed a fine of two hundred dollars or two hundred days' imprisonment.

The old Horton homestead, at the corner of Main street and Horton's lane, in Southold, Long Island, the oldest inhabited house in America, has lately been sold to Dr. Amos L. Sweet, and is to be torn down to give place to a fashionable residence. A few evenings since there was a gathering of five hundred people at the old house to attend an old-fashioned visiting and supper given by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church of that village. The original portion of the house was built by Barnabas Horton, who came over from England in 1639; in 1665 an addition was made to the building, and fifty years ago another.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

NOV. 3d, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 3d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—1st Kings xvii.

2d Lesson—John iii.

English Lectiary.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xxiv.

2d Lesson—2d Timothy iv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 3d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—1st Kings xviii.

2d Lesson—2d Peter ii.

English Lectiary.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xxxvii or Daniel i.

2d Lesson—Luke xiii, 31-34.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

John Severance died last Sunday between 12 and 1 p. m., after a sickness of nearly one year, during a large part of which time his death was almost daily anticipated. So flattering, however, is the supposition that there were times when he entertained hopes of final recovery. John was beloved by a large circle of acquaintances, by all of whom his death is deeply lamented. He was possessed of many fine traits of character, was a graduate of our academy, and when overtaken with the fatal disease was in the first year of his studies at Syracuse University. His sickness was very severe from the first, and for several months there was but little hope of his being brought home alive, but after rallying a little, and attended by kind friends, he was brought home, and afterwards became more comfortable, and rode out a few times. During his entire sickness kind friends have done all for him that lay within their power, and he bore his suffering with remarkable patience. The funeral services were largely attended at 3 p. m., yesterday, at the Presbyterian Church, and the discourse was delivered by W. H. Albright, of Auburn Theological Seminary. The relatives have our sympathy in their hour of affliction.

MARRIED.

BARNES-TABER.—At the house of the bride's parents, at Scipio, N. Y., October 23d, 1878, by Rev. E. R. Warren, Mr. Henry S. Barnes to Miss Sarah E. Taber, daughter of S. A. Taber, Esq.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes with Its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1878.

Cornelius Vanderbilt	\$100.00
Mr. Clinton	1.00
S. T. Skidmore	5.00
W. C. Shoglen	5.00
Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs	5.00
D. H. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution for Deaf-Mutes	5.00
St. Luke's Church, Albion	3.86
Service for deaf-mutes at Fort Plain	10.00
Church of the Holy Innocents, Highland Falls	5.00
A member of St. John's Church, Cohoes	1.00
At service for deaf-mutes in St. Mary's	2.73
Brooklyn, St. Andrew's, Harlem, and Christ Church, Williamsburg	7.30
St. Barnabas Chapel, New York	7.30
Grace Church, New York	71.00
Moses Taylor	100.00
Trinity Church, Hartford, Conn. (3 being from Mrs. W. Averill)	10.00
A friend	16.00
St. Paul's, Albany	39.42
St. Michael's Church, Guild, N. Y.	4.53
St. Anne's, Annapolis, Md.	23.53
St. James Church, West Hartford, Conn.	10.00
Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.	7.50

COLLECTED BY MR. JAMES LEWIS.

Acher, Merrill & Condit	25.00
Archer & Pomeroy Manufacturing Co.	5.00
Bacon, Baldwin & Co.	10.00
Burt & Meers	2.00
J. Stiffen, Jr.	1.00
J. W. Whitney	2.00
Mrs. M. A. Logie	1.00
Paul Babcock, Jr.	5.00
Cash & Andrews	73.45

The offerings of the churches were mostly made on the 12th Sunday after Trinity. That day proved to be the one on which special collections were made throughout the country for the yellow fever sufferers. This accounts for so few remembrances of our work. We hope for greater returns next year on the "Deaf-Mutes Day."

We ask our mutual friends throughout the country to prepare boxes marked "For the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" with its Home for Aged and Infirm, into which they will put some money each week. If they will show these to their friends, they will receive so few remembrances of our work. We hope for greater returns next year on the "Deaf-Mutes Day."

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We ask

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—On Friday afternoon, August 23, my wife and I took passage in the steamboat from New York to New London, through the East River and Long Island Sound. We reached New London about half past twelve in the night, and were, of course, aroused by the commotion on reaching the wharf. We were settling ourselves down for sleep till morning when I heard a knock at our state-room door. I said we were not going by the train to Boston. Again a knock was heard, and my name was called. I opened the door and found friends in waiting to drive us to the residence of Mr. W. W. Parkin, near the Pequot House. It was an early ride, but we enjoyed it very much. After a good night's rest, the family gave us a kindly welcome at the breakfast table.

On Sunday I officiated at the Pequot Chapel. At the 5:30 p. m. service I addressed the congregation in relation to "The C. M. to D. M.," with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

On Wednesday we proceeded to Marblehead, Mass., and became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Swett. The next day Mr. Swett gave Mr. Thomas Brown and myself a pleasant ride to look at a farm in Beverly, and one in Peabody, in connection with the proposed New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes.

On Friday forenoon, in St. Michael's Church, I baptized Walter Harrington, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Bowden.

In the afternoon, during a terrible thunder storm, the second annual meeting of the trustees of the Industrial Home was held in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The treasurer reported the fund as amounting to about \$2,000. The first biennial report was read and adopted, and a committee of three appointed, with power to purchase property for the Home.

My wife and I took supper with Mr. and Mrs. Denison, of Washington, D. C., at their beautiful boarding place, and spent the evening in extended conversation.

On Saturday we took an early train for Boston, and pushed immediately on for Saratoga Springs, where hospitality was extended to us at the rectory by the Rev. Dr. Carey and his family.

On Sunday forenoon, August 11th, I had the privilege of addressing, at Bethesda Church, a congregation of 1,000 people, from all parts of our country, in relation to "The C. M. to D. M." At 3:45 p. m. we had a special service for deaf-mutes. Quite a number came from the surrounding towns. In the evening I interpreted the service and sermon. The latter was preached by the Rev. Mr. Gray, of Garrison's, N. Y.

We spent Monday and Tuesday in seeing the sights of that wonderful place of resort, and passed on by the night train via Schenectady to Buffalo. After breakfast at the Tift House we became the guests of Mrs. Welch, at her residence on Delaware street. Her beautiful deaf-mute son, while a pupil at the New York Institution some years ago, was taken to paradise through a sudden and terrible death on the railroad. In the afternoon our friends, Sister Ellen and Sister Elizabeth, of the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, New York, came in the carriage of a friend, and gave us a ride through an interesting portion of the city. We found Dr. Pierce's new hotel well worth a visit.

In the evening we began, in St. John's Church, the series of services in the interests of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, which had been planned with so much care and skill by the Rev. A. W. Mann. In the absence of the rector, Rev. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Mann and I conducted the service. Having been kindly entertained by the Rev. Mr. Mills and wife, the next day, in Erie, we had evening service in St. Paul's Church.

On Friday, as we went from Erie to Cleveland, we met Dr. L. L. Peet and Mr. Job. Turner, on their way to the convention. In Cleveland, Mr. Mann took us to his own home, No. 24 William street, where we had a delightful visit with his wife, her sister, and brother, not forgetting little Harry. We had evening service in St. Paul's Church, but, owing to a severe thunder storm, the congregation was small. The deaf-mutes outnumbered the hearing and speaking people. The rector, Mr. Rullison, was absent.

Early Saturday morning my wife and I went to Columbus, leaving Mr. Mann to follow in the afternoon. You have published quite full notes of the convention. I will not, therefore, enter into details. The hospitality extended by the superintendent, Mr. Fay, and his associates, acting under the authorities of the great State of Ohio, was bountiful and hearty. The members of the convention, and their friends, felt at home on their arrival, and said their farewells with regret. The impression was produced upon my mind, as I met the members in convention and in social intercourse, that the teachers of the deaf and dumb were generally conscientious, hard-working men and women, striving, according to the light and knowledge they had received, to promote the best interests of the deaf-mutes of our country. The trustees of several institutions were present, and made valuable suggestions as to the management of our institutions.

On Sunday, August 18th, Rev. Mr. Mann and I officiated at St. Paul's Church, Columbus, in the forenoon and evening. At the former service my

brother, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, kindly interpreted my sermon on the text "Be strong in the Lord." At the latter service, it was my privilege to baptize Mr. Simpson, a recent graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College.

On Thursday, the 22d, our little party, Mr. Mann, my wife and myself, said good-bye to our friends and went to Cincinnati, where we had a "combined service" in the evening at Christ Church. We went that night to Dayton, where we had a good rest Friday forenoon at the Beckel House.

We reached Indianapolis about 6 p. m. and, after supper with Mrs. MacIntyre, at the institution, had a service in St. Paul's Church. Traveling all night, we reached St. Louis, Saturday morning. Mr. Mann went to his usual quarters in St. Luke's Hospital, and my wife and I became the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, whose son is a classmate of my son in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. We had a good visit in that great city of the West, with services at Christ Church, and the Church of the Holy Communion, on Sunday, and St. John's Church on Monday evening.

On Sunday afternoon, in Christ Church, there was a congregation of about 80 deaf-mutes.

On Monday we consulted with several gentlemen in relation to plans for a day-school for deaf-mutes, in St. Louis, and attended the picnic of our deaf-mute friends at the fair grounds. We also visited several objects of interest, and were delighted with "Shaw's Garden."

On Tuesday we reached Springfield, Ill., where the Rev. Mr. Phillips, and Colonel Harlow, the Secretary of State, showed us great kindness. After seeing the modest house in which President Lincoln lived, going through the magnificent State House, (the dome of which is 365 feet high,) and admiring the massive Lincoln Monument, in the cemetery north of the city, we had service at the church in the evening.

The next day, in Quincy, we were met at the station by Rev. Dr. Corby, and Rev. Mr. Larrabee, who conducted us to the residence of the banker, Mr. Root, where we were kindly entertained. We had evening service in St. John's Cathedral.

On Thursday we found ourselves in Galesburg, where the rector of Grace Church, Rev. Mr. Higgins, and his parishioners extended us hospitality at the Union Hotel. After evening service, at which I baptized two children (of different families), each having deaf-mute parents, we had a reception in the parlors of the hotel. We were glad to see, among others, our old friends Mr. and Mrs. Hatch. The latter was known to many of your readers, years ago, as "Miss Mary Holt."

In Princeton, on Friday, we had a charming visit at the home of General Henderson and wife. The latter's sister, Miss Virginia Butler, lives with her. As Miss Butler and my wife were very intimate schoolmates at the New York Institution, they improved their opportunity for living over again the past, asking and answering many questions.

At the Church of the Redeemer, in the evening, we tried, as we had done at all our combined services, to interest the congregation in the C. M. to D. M., with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

Saturday afternoon we arrived in Chicago. Mr. Mann went to his friends; Mrs. G. and I went to the residence of our cousin, Mr. Budd. On Sunday we had services at St. James' and Grace Churches, and on Monday evening at the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. I was glad to meet the lay reader, Mr. Holmes, who, I trust, will be blessed in the work to which he has been prudentially called.

On Tuesday night we had a good service in Trinity Church, Fort Wayne, the rector, Rev. Mr. Tate, having worked hard to get together the deaf-mutes in the neighboring towns.

The next day, on reaching Mansfield, O., the rector of Grace Church, Rev. Dr. Bronson, conducted us to the Wiley House, as guests of his parish. The combined service in the evening was well attended, and helped on our work.

On Thursday morning, September 5th, we took a very early start, and reached Pittsburg at noon. Our friend, Mr. Thomas McClurg, met us at the station, and invited us to dine with him at the Central Hotel. We afterwards went to his residence, on the south side, and had a pleasant visit with his family.

Our evening service was held in Trinity Church, the rector of which, Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, has done a great deal to encourage Mr. Mann, and sustain the mission to deaf-mutes in his parish. After service my zealous and efficient co-worker, Rev. Mr. Mann, bade us good-bye, and started for his home in Cleveland.

Friday morning the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McClurg accompanied my wife and myself as the train whirled us over the Alleghany mountains. We stopped at Altoona with the Rev. Mr. Woodle and family, and had evening service in St. Luke's Church. In the afternoon I had two exciting experiences, a ride on a narrow-gauge railroad, winding up the side of a mountain to a coal mine, and a ride on a locomotive.

On Saturday afternoon we reached Philadelphia, and took our young friend to the institution. After brief interviews with Mr. Foster, Miss Kirby, and others, we called on the Rev. Mr. Syle and wife, at their residence in Mt. Vernon street. Having enjoyed their hospitality, we took the 7 o'clock train for New York. We reached home with grateful hearts for God's mercies to us and our loved ones.

The next day, the 12th Sunday after Trinity, on which the gospel re-

cites the miracle of our Saviour's healing the deaf and dumb man, I preached, at St. Ann's, from the text "Ephphatha, be opened," and told the people about the remarkable journey which I have tried to briefly describe in this letter.

The workers in the different departments of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes ask for the prayers of all their friends.

Yours truly,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

FEALTY TO HIS OWN STATE.

With an upturned Irish nose, into which the odor of Carter's writing fluid (if it has some) is flowing, over a bottle of which is directly the sense of smell, surely not breathing for revenge (an Irishman is seldom revengeful), which I say with pride, national pride, but to bring to pass a perfect understanding with you, Messrs. "Milo" and "J. F. D.," stopping reading in the "Last Days of Pompeii," in which I have followed the Athenian Glaucon and the gloomy Egyptian Aranes, who were contending for the Neapolitan bone, indeed, with great reluctance, being anxious to know the result of that most romantic love-suit, I take up a pen-holder, to which I have joined an elastic gold pen, that I may finish this letter sooner than otherwise, so as to let me resume the journey in the "City of the Dead."

I was utterly astonished at the temerity with which you denied, with a great show of words, my statement in regard to the scholarship of the Ohio and New York students at this college, which I had taken great pains to give the readers of the *Advance* as correct as possible an idea of. In that letter I was speaking of the Buckeye and Knickerbocker college boys, not of the Ohio and New York Institution pupils, as you affected to believe; and there I was particularly merciful with respect to the latter school. Now that I have been said to "land the Ohio Institution to the sky, while taking care to injure the world-wide (a big word indeed, which has rather widened my optics) reputation of the New York Institution," and that the Gotham correspondent has humorously written to me that his school was too much of a luminary to be so brilliant, as it were, as the Ohio *Star*, which, said he, had blurred my vision, I conclude it is not out of place here to lay before the readers the record of the New York students; I mean those who came lately, as well as that of the Ohio boys, so that they may compare them fairly.

In the autumn of the Centennial year one fellow came, sailing, with a gold medal, glittering on his breast, which he had won for being the best scholar in the High Class at the New York Institution, and was admitted to the lower preparatory class, in accordance with the merits of his examination, a lower place than that he wanted to land in. At present he is still no freshman, though he was in the advanced preparatory class last year. Two other rather adventurous boys from Gotham entered the college last fall, and failed to pass most of their examinations, and their names were nowhere on the roll containing those of the students who were admitted from the lower preparatory class to the advanced preparatory last June. These facts will sufficiently contradict the assertion of "Milo" that New York has never sent one to college who is not well prepared, and naturally led me to believe the contrary of those eloquent declarations that both "Milo" and "J. F. D." made concerning the efficiency of the institution from which these unsuccessful, or, more mercifully, unlucky lads had come as specimens. I was a "prep" like them, and have ascended another step, yet "J. F. D." spoke of my "rather forgetful" mind, with which, if so, I wonder I have passed my examinations, when good memory is among the necessities.

Very different from theirs is the luck that the Buckeye youths were blessed with during the while. The Valedictorian of the '78 class and the prize student in the freshman class of '78, whose grades were almost unparalleled in the history of Kendall College, got their primary education at Columbus. There are twelve students from Ohio this year, all seeming to partake of the scholarly enthusiasm which was characteristic of the Ohio lads; while New York, with its four or five institutions and nearly a thousand pupils in the aggregate, has only two representatives at Kendall College. Remember that the number of pupils in attendance at the Columbus Institution is in the neighborhood of 500.

As the ancient Romans were taught the fact—"*Pulvis et decorum est pro patria mori*,"—It is sweet and honorable to die for one's country—so the pupils at Panwood are taught that it is sweet and honorable to die for one's institution. In truth, I admire your fidelity to your *alma mater*—the gods bless your fidelity! but neither extravagance of language nor display of indignation, however great either of them may be, can divert me from the unmistakable belief that Ohio, of all the States, has the best right to be proud of her sons at Kendall College. You must bear in mind that I am not so stupid as to believe that there is not a dozen of the time-honored Knickerbocker school who could pursue their college course here successfully, nay might become the pride of Kendall College, instead of the Ohio gentlemen, as they are now; but such is scarcely possible, and why? Because of the policy pursued at that school, which has discouraged so many promising young men from coming here to further their education; which is the direct cause of the low estimation of the school.

It was rumored the other day that he principal of the New York Institu-

tion, out of pity for the failure of the Knickerbocker students, had established a collegiate department in his own institution, which opened this fall with five freshmen. However, so far the rumor has not been confirmed.

Mr. "Milo," you did honorably your part in conceding the efficiency of the Ohio Institution while defending the reputation of your school, for which you have gained more honor than otherwise, I at least think, (you had well-nigh imitated Dryden,) However, I have something to reply to you. You said, in your letter to the *JOURNAL*, that my article of July last was not worth noticing, since it was published in the *Advance*, and the author was a member of the freshman class, and who, though proverbial for common sense, has much to learn yet. Indeed, you say, rightly, of me that I follow the example of the modest Newton; but, as you are not a freshman as yet, according to the never erring geometrical principles, you have still much more to learn. I admit that the *JOURNAL* is better than the *Advance* at "dummy" news-giving, for the editor of the former paper has nothing else to do but to edit his paper, while the *Advance* man, who himself is a teacher, has to give his attention to the making up of his paper, outside of the school hours. However the *Advance* is more local to St. Louis and Missouri, and it is to me what the old arm-chair was to Eliza Coker.

"I love it, I love it! and who shall dare, To chide me for loving that old arm chair?"

So "J. F. D." did not wrongly say that it is my favorite paper. You, "J. F. D.," gave the greatest honor to the American Asylum (an abominable term, yet it has a high, nay the highest place in your opinion,) in silent contempt of the Ohio Institution. If you had honestly agreed with the originator of the words "Honor to whom honor is due" you would have made a more justifiable award. I fear the proverb "no one is so blind as he who does not want to see" is applicable to you, for, if such is the case, I would have thus worn away valuable time in writing this letter. I need remind you that Hartford is sending no more brilliant scholars to this college, as she used to do long ago, but, instead, one of them our Rev. (a happy college we are really, now have our own parson, clown, poet, photographer, baseball authority, barber, tailor, shoemaker and everything else,) who conducted a prayer-meeting in his room two Sundays ago, which, I, like a good Christian, was sorry to see (I will be mad [?] if you venture to question the sincerity of my sorrow,) was rather disorderly. Alas! I have digressed, and to a subject totally inconsistent with the one for which this letter was originally intended, but the above will be something new and interesting to you. You studied your article with the adage "Look before you leap," only to be replied to at this time by my saying that I did exactly what you thought I ought to have done. I have met several graduates of Panwood in those unsuccessful students, who, I can declare safely, are not worthy of the far-famed (I put this adjective on your authority) reputation of the New York Institution; and then had I not a right to speak lowly of their scholarship in that letter to the *Advance*?

In concluding, I indulge the hope that you both will understand me better, and cease crying with indignation in behalf of your school, whose efficiency, by a closer attention to the letter, you would have seen that I did not speak disparagingly of; but, on the contrary, would have "landed the Gotham Institution to the sky" had there been more and better scholars hailing from the Knickerbocker State, as ought to be the case.

I have gone for the new school of the philosopher, D. W. George; but, myself being no clergyman, I regret that I have no power to bless his school as well as his late entrance into the state of matrimony. Ho, good Irishman, farewell.

GEORGE T. DOUGHERTY.
National Deaf-Mute College,
Washington, D. C., Oct. 22, 1878.

WHERE HE INVESTED HIS MONEY.

FRANKLIN, IND., Oct. 22, 1878.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—Having been entirely satisfied with the paper you are now sending my brother, I have concluded to ask you to send me one for one year. I was born in Cleveland, O., and got my education in Columbus.

After a pupillage of five years I moved to Tennessee, where I married a lady, having seven children, of whom two have been married. My age is 53 years.

After having received my legacy from New York city, and also from my father, who paid the debt of nature in 1871, I moved my family here, where I invested the most of my money in real estate. Now I am comfortably settled. I lost my wife, and am now living with my second wife, from Louisville, Ky.

Enclosed you will find \$150, and I hope you will send me the paper regularly.

I am for U. S. Grant in 1880.

Yours truly,
CHARLES BRONSON.

—An erring husband, who had exhausted all explanations for late hours and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house, about one o'clock, very softly, denuded himself gently, and began rocking the cradle by the bedside, as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manoeuvre, said, "Come to bed, you fool, the baby ain't there."

Our State election will be held on Tuesday next, November 6th.

MY BACHELORHOOD.

BY J. E. O.

The following stanzas, written in a humorous manner to create laughter, was originally written (having been changed several times) by one of Illinois' graduates, a semi-mute, who is understood to be a wag.

They say he who had a wife happy must be,
But this is not applicable to all married folks,
"It is not good that man should be alone,"
But too often the woman lets the man alone!
The world at best is a weary way,
And its joys are often dimmed by sorrow.

Those who seem our friends to-day
May be our foes to-morrow;
Hopes that are ever so bright,
Which on us often have smiled,
As we were contemplating the future,
May soon be blighted—by a law!

The sword-flourishing man, General Jackson,
Once compared the devil to a pretty woman—
Hard to get rid of sometimes,
Then of all the young men that are for matrimony
How many of them befool themselves
By crediting every syllable their girls utter?

Just why these fair ones, ever so sweet,
Should be so deceitful creatures
Is a mystery which I'd have the oldest old maid solve.

I believe most of the maidens of to-day
Who profess that their marrying object is love
Are downright frauds after all.

Some say that marriage is double blessedness,
While others swear it is double wretchedness.
Others say it divides our sorrow—doubles our joy;
But verily this must have been in olden times,
For then our women were content with whatever garb,
While to day her dress expenses bow down her hubby with debt.

How do I know it to be so, you ask?
I've seen it tested, young Goosling,
Experienced it? Yes, old fellow,
To-day you really think she is thine,
But when you see her loving another wretch
You quickly change your mind—think so no more?

Those who get the right sort of a girl—no flirt—
Can fully enjoy their married life.
A venerable statesman once remarked,
"With love, marriage is heaven; without it
worse than hell."

That's so—then marry for love boys,
If you don't wish your wife to smash a plate on your head.

Now-a-days when the land is cursed with flirts
It's hard to see how one could make a right choice;
For where there is no love there is fighting and swearing.

When weary and worn and, when ill, I think it heavenly
To have a sweet, loving and good-natured wife
To share my sorrows and ease my pains.

But when I consider the above
I sigh, and resolve not to make the rush
Until the girls turn from their erring ways,
And go about in sheep's clothing no more;
Then if my pockets rattle well I may go fishing among—

Well, some call 'em angels!
But to-day I am a bachelor,
I am as jolly as a clam;
I am as free as air—go anywhere.
If I am home late at night
I don't sneak up to my room, but bang the door,
And tramping over the floor bold as Mars I go!

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

Autumn with the laden boughs when—
"The withered banners of the year are still,
And gathered fields are grown strangely wan;
While death, poetic death with hands that color
what they touch
Weaves in the autumn woods her tapestries of gold and brown."

There is briskness in the air, there is life in the streets, and the windows of mansions devoted for the last four months to brown, linen blinds, or to newspapers deftly inserted between the plate-glass and the shutters, now begin to display bright new panes of glass to keep out unwelcome Boreas. The summer season is dead, and with its demise departs all its accompanying afflictions and pleasures. Nevertheless we still manage to enjoy ourselves, and the proof of this fact is the splendid time we had on the occasion of our visit to the American Institute Fair on Thursday, the 17th inst.

For several days previous to our visit speculations were rife as to when this grand holiday should occur, and when, at length, the date was settled with some degree of confidence. Alas! we were in demand to foretell the state of the weather. However I am happy to say that a finer morning never opened on earth than that which ushered in the day. I will not attempt to describe its loveliness, balminess, and freshness; that would be impossible. With the weather in our favor, we defied everything else, and so, at half-past eight in the morning, with happy hearts, and beaming countenances, we began our journey. Leaving the institution, pupils to the number of 350, under the care of our teachers, marched through the new road which passes the institution and, after a few minutes' walk, reached the Boulevard, down which we marched in gallant style and in a few moments brought up at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, where the cars were waiting. The laughing, chatting crowd were soon comfortably seated in the eight cars which had been chartered, and amid the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, they got under motion and were "off." Our ride to the fair was void of incident worthy of notice, and after an exhilarating ride we arrived at the fair and were soon passing through the doors. As we entered the vast building in which the fair is being held, the pupils singled out their particular friends and started off to view the wonders there collected. To us the fair seems to be much nicer than in preceding years. Many new inventions are noticeable, some of which are so striking and interesting that I will attempt a description of those which most interested us. However, as time, paper, and patience are short, I must be excused from giving an extended account.

Among the many objects which excited our admiration and wonder was a loom, situated midway in the building, upon which the "Statue of Liberty," book-marks, silk handkerchiefs,

etc., were woven in the presence of the visitors. The peculiarity of this truly wonderful machine is that, after having once been set to work, it will weave these articles without any watching. Formerly, in weaving these things, it was necessary to have a separate bobbin for every color of silk used, and the bobbins had to be so arranged that each could be moved by the foot when its turn came. This caused much inconvenience to the weaver, and it being slow work, the articles made were consequently very costly. Now we have a sort of pattern with eyelets for every color of thread used in the weaving of any article. These threads are fastened to bobbins, and, as the turns of the various colors arrive, the bobbin comes up and the silk is woven in. This is one of the most intricate, and most interesting as well as wonderful, inventions I have ever set my eyes upon. I regret my lack of descriptive powers wherewith to fully explain the machine and its workings.

Another new invention is the Rosenfield and Thompson name writer, and darning attachment, for sewing-machines. This can be fastened to almost any machine, and with it you can mend almost any article, and so well, too, that it requires a close inspection to distinguish the place mended from the article itself. Also with this attachment we can stitch any name firmly in cloth, muslin, cambric, etc., and in any way desired. This has an advantage over indelible ink, for it is not only neater, but the name will not fade from frequent washing, as the marks of such inks do.

One of the most lovely collections in the fair, and which noticeably riveted the attention of the "fair sex," was a basket of delicious fruit, a vase of lovely roses, and a wreath of autumn leaves, all made of wax. At a distance I mistook them for the real articles, but a closer inspection convinced me that they were only wax. This is only another instance of our nation's progress in fine arts. It requires much time and practice to become a skillful wax-worker, and when a person obtains a thorough knowledge of the art he deserves credit. The silverware exhibited by Messrs. Reed & Barton, of New York city, was also very attractive. The articles were mostly lined with gold, and so exquisitely finished that it would tax a practiced connoisseur to distinguish the solid silver articles from the silver-plated.

Of all I saw, the most cunning (I admire cunning,) was a doll's parlor, furnished with all the modern improvements. Here the little ladies and gentlemen were made to represent human beings. Some were entertaining company, and others reading, while a few of the ladies were sewing. Two rosy-cheeked little Misses were attending a pair of twins, who were resting in a cradle, and seemed very anxious over their precious charge. In short they all behaved themselves in such a manner that, were they only larger, they might easily have been taken for a living family. Want of space prevents further description, so I reluctantly turn to other topics.

At two o'clock we were called to the main hall of the exhibition building, and forming in line, we started for the Third Avenue railroad depot, a block above the fair. Arriving there, a little confusion ensued, but all was soon righted, and we were, in a short time, on our journey home. We arrived at the institution at 4 p. m., tired, it is true, but immensely pleased, and much wiser than when we started. The day's pleasure ended with a re-union in the girls' sitting-room, from 7 to 8 p. m.

Within the past few days a complete revolution has been effected in the management of the pupils while under the care of those in charge of the educational department. For a long time past much trouble has been occasioned by the proclivity of many of the male pupils to remain out of school after recess. The annoyance became so great that even Dr. Peet's usually good nature could bear it no longer. Passing over intermediate circumstances, it will suffice to say that a new rule has been promulgated, prohibiting any pupil, while his division is attending school, duties, from leaving the sitting-room and its connections during recess. This declaration, at first, caused great indignation and confusion among the pupils, but, upon considering the matter coolly, they seem to have come to the conclusion that it is better for them to smile and own that they are outdone, though their natural inclinations might prompt them to tumble their oppressors (?) out of the windows. The success of the new system is assured from the manner in which the male pupils have behaved in school since its first enforcement.

In my last letter I made a mistake regarding the number of pupils present. At that time there were 490, instead of 485, and now our roll numbers 5, (the writer omitted the rest of the figures) a number which might be considered increased if we had room to accommodate the numerous applications. Indeed, we have become so crowded, that there is some talk of removing the younger pupils to Tarrytown, next fall. However, we do not vouch for the accuracy of the rumor, and it must be accepted at its worth.

On Friday evening, the 18th inst., the first stereopticon exhibition of the fall term was given. The pictures shown embraced the leading notable buildings of our city. We had a fine opportunity of studying the architectural magnificence of the new Post-Office, the Astor House, the Herald building, Booth's Theatre, A. T. Stewart's marble palace, and many other interesting structures. Subsequently we took a stroll through Central Park, and had a splendid view of the "wall,"

Webster's statue, the statue of "Auld Lang Syne," and the lake.

We are happy to record still another victory of our champion sprinter, Mr. McFaul. At the fall games of the Mile Square Athletic Club, held at Yonkers, on Saturday, the 19th inst., although considerably out of practice, he beat six competitors in the 100 yards dash, covering the distance, in the face of strong wind, in 10½ seconds. I have no doubt of his ability to run the same distance in 10 seconds, and am willing to back him against any deaf-mute in the city in a race of 75, 100, or 220 yards.

Saturday evening, the 19th inst., the Fanwood Literary Association held its first meeting since the opening of school. The order of the evening was a debate on the question "Is a watch a more useful article than a pen-knife?" The arguments on both sides were forcible and well given, and greatly interested the audience assembled, the balloting resulting in 144 votes for the watch and 31 for the pen-knife.

T. F. F.
Washington Heights, Oct. 22, 1878.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—Will you please allow me space in your valuable paper to speak of a pleasant event which recently took place in Cincinnati?

On Saturday evening, October 12th, a number of the mute friends of Mr. Souweine assembled at his residence, on Sixth street, and knocked at the door. Mr. Souweine appeared, and was surprised to see so many of them. He did not know what it all meant, but Mr. Souweine, with his usual suave manners, welcomed them into the elegant parlor. As soon as they were seated, one of them rose and made a presentation speech, telling him how they regarded him, &c. At its conclusion Mr. Frank Catley advanced and placed before him a gold locket, and a paper which read as follows: "A Present to E. Souweine, on his birthday, entering the 21st year of his age, Oct. 10th, 1878, by his friends, as a token of their esteem toward him as a friend and gentleman. Mrs. Z. W. Hoagland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Catley, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lunning, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vance, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hoagland, Mrs. Smithson, Misses Jennie Campbell and M. Gilhams, Messrs. Max. Morgenthau, Robt. King, Leo. Raum and Jas. Byrns."

Mr. Souweine was taken by surprise, but managed to find words to return his thanks. After a while he ordered oysters, French confectionary, etc., and invited those present to help themselves, which they did heartily. Then they played games, talked, and did other things incident to a social party, till the solemn hour of 12 o'clock warned them that it was Sabbath and time for them to adjourn. Thus closed one of the most enjoyable parties that ever occurred in this place.

Mr. Souweine is a young gentleman of great promise. He is an engraver by trade. He has been living in Cincinnati nearly three years, coming from New York city, where he was educated at an articulation school. But he afterwards became mixed with mutes, and soon gained perfect mastery of the sign-language. He always takes great interest in the deaf-mute community, and always takes an active part in any undertaking to better our welfare. Two years ago, when Mr. J. Barriek concluded to break up the Bible-class, and expected it was gone forever, except by his aid (?), Mr. Souweine, then a comparative stranger, took hold of it and succeeded in getting Mr. McGregor to take charge of it. He was then elected chairman of the standing committee, and he did his duty well and faithfully. Subsequently he resigned, for reasons entirely satisfactory to the society. He did many other nice things, which are not necessary to relate. He has just entered his career as a citizen and a voter. May success attend him in all his future undertakings.

A FRIEND.
Covington, Ky., Oct. 21, 1878.

CHURCH WORK AMONG DEAF-MUTES.

[From Our Church Work (Rochester, N. Y.) Oct. 19, 1878.]

The deaf-mutes constitute a class in the community to whose spiritual needs the services of the church are especially adapted to minister. The Liturgy enables them to lift their hearts in prayer and praise to God together with the congregation in His House. The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, of which the headquarters are in St. Ann's Church, New York, was formed to minister to these unfortunates in different parts of the land, and the people of this city will have an opportunity of hearing something of what is being accomplished by it from the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in St. Luke's Church on Sunday evening. He will interpret the service in the sign language for the mutes who will be present, and deliver an address to the hearing part of the congregation.

It may not be known to all our readers that for more than three years past a service for deaf-mutes has been maintained every Sunday afternoon in the chapel of St. Luke's by Mr. John C. Acker, a licensed lay-reader. And the importance of this work is the more evident from the fact of the existence in our midst of the State Institution for deaf-mutes, which has been recently moved from its former location on South St. Paul St., to the large and commodious building on North St. Paul St., formerly known as the Truett House. There are in this Institution 104 scholars with seven teachers. The work of the church among these people is one which ought to command the sympathy of those who love to promote the salvation of all men.

